THREE TYPES OF FEMININITY.

Illustrating the Passion for Gambling Among the Gentler Sex.

BEAUTY AT THE RACE COURSE.

Clothed Better Than Cupid-A Sharp Photographer - Arsenical Lozengers-Two Chinese Girls-Clara Belles Letter.

NEW YORK, July 7 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Women are going to the races more than ever this season, I must say that, as a general thing, they are plain and unattractive representatives of the sex. Moreover, an astonishing number of them are fat. Not a plump, cubby fatness, but a gross, material deposit of adipose tissue that completely destroys all symetry of form and grace of movement. At least half of them are elderly or positively old, and in some cases it seems difficult to reconicle the dignity of years with the staking of money on a pool ticket. For they all bet, the wife with her mother-in-law, the old lady with her daughter, and in one case at least with her granddaughter also. The case referred to involved a group of eleven people who had gone to Sheepshead bay together. Many other persons on the grand stands knew them, and exchanges of nods and conversations with passing men were frequent. In the front row sat a small, wizened old lady, with one of those faces that betoken considerable suffering in life. Although she placed her bet with due deliberation on every race, and kept the tally of the jockeys on her programme, her eyes wandered during the intermissions, and she saw only the scenes of the troubled past. Her son and his wife sat They were all plain people in face and dress. Just back of them was a heavy-featured man and one of the fat women. She was stylishly dressed and loud in her talk. I could not tell whether they were related to their friends in front or not. The other people in the party were certainly all of the same family. FOUR WOMEN AND TWO MEN.

Three of the women were fat: a silverbaired matron with eye-glasses, two daughters approaching forty, and a fair, handsome girl of about eighteen. The latter was evidently the daughter of one of the "forty" women. All except the programmes immoderately. The men in the party went to the betting pavillion at the conclusion of each race, and presently returned with word as to how bets were running on the next race. Then ensued a lively discussion of the chances, and, after a good deal of backing and filling, the women drew forth their purses and turned over five dollars apiece to the men with instructions how to place it. And after the men had gone it was no uncommon thing for one or more of the women to call a whitecapped messenger boy and send another five after the first. During the race itself they all craned their necks and strained their eyes to watch the progress of the horses, and evinced the keenest excitement as it drew to a close. When they won there was a good deal of hysterical laughter and exultant exclamation, and when they lost there was the same amount of pouting, and head shaking, and plenty of insisting that after all their judgment had been right, for the trouble lay in the unlucky position of the horse at the pole, or in the stupid work of the rider. For it seems that the race gambler cannot err. The two old women alone commented little on their ventures. Their manners indicated that they were schooled to disappointment, and that they knew from long experience with life that the successes of the day are insignificant trifles unworthy a serious thought. But I would wager \$5 even that not one of them lost or won without bonnet and dress projects being mentally varied accordingly. These people were fair specimens in their demeanor of the majority of the women present. There were here and there ashionably dressed, handsome women but they acted very much alike. At least one in three varied the monotony of horse talk with chewing gum. I know the chew of gum at sight; it was not caramels, and if I wanted assurance of it I should have been satisfied when I over-heard a young lady recall a messenger after giving him instructions how to bet her money, and say to him: "Take this nickel and drop it in the machine by the door, and get me a paper of gum." A few minutes later her chops were waging happily. A sure rule on the gum matter is this: if the mouth is kept open, or opens at every other chew, it is gum. If

Here are THREE TYPES OF FEMININITY en at the grand stand. A large middie-aged woman with a baby in her arms. She sat in the front row deeply absorbed in the contests. Before the long afternoon was over the baby grew npatient, and in that skillful way that all women know, the mother managed, without attracting embarrassing atten-tion, to supply the infant with natural food. The impatient whines were at once stilled, and the baby rested peace-fully in her arms. But presently the racers came speeding down the quarter stretch. It was nip and tuck between two favorites, and one of them was the one the woman had backed with her five dollars. Her eyes dilated with excite-ment, and her lips separated in the agony of suspense. Leap by leap her horse drew away from his rival, and as they passed her and went under the wire she saw that she was a winner, six for one she almost screamed with exultation. Certainly she made some kind of a noise, but what it was could not be told; it was lost in the howling of deep-throated men. Her left hand waved her handkerchief in Her left hand waved her handkerchief in the air, and she smiled and smiled. When the storm was over a feeble wail went up from the ball or her right arm. It recalled the moth of her duty, and the infant was reach sted. The emotion attendant upon winning a bet had thrown matters out of balance temptorarily, and the straight of an investment of the straight of the s

A mellow-eyed brunette in widow's weeds. She was a fair picture to look upon and at her side was her mother in boliday attire. The mother was eagerly investing in her opinion of the merits of a horse and the widow had s horse and the widow had prudently bet on her favorite for a place. Another ciderly lady came from her seat near by and shook hands with the widow and her mother. After the change of civilities the widow sunk back into her languid attitude and the friend said to the mother:
"Did you make anything on the last
race?" "No," was the reply, "I never
back the field. I don't care much for
myself, you know, but I wish we might
win something nice on Julie's account.
We have backed Exile for this race and I
do hope we shall get it; I think it might
divert Julie so much. She hasan't taken
any interest in anything, poor dear, since

any intrest in anything, poor dear, since Alfred died. And that was faily six months ago!

Two sembrely dressed women standing silently side by side at the steps leading from the grand stand to the betting payalion. They are within twenty feet of the gambling mass of men who stand disputing before the placards of the book makers. Each holds a small black tag on her hand and they cast share as at the men who pass before them Now and then a man who goes by drops a coin into the outstretched hand of one of the women. It goes at once into the black bag, the fips of the receiver move Cabily, and the silent, patient attitude

is resumed. From where they stand they can look out from under their black bonnets and see the horses cantering down the quarter stretch. Maybe the do not do it; may be they keep their eyes steadfastly on the ground, but when it is over they glance keenly about for a winner and undoubtedly hope that his exultation will make him generous to the church as well as to the poor blind man who stands with an outstretched

hat not far away. How curious it is that ladies of the most fastidious character will sit in a crowded auditorium and laugh at profanty and double meaning on the stage that would be shocking in their drawing rooms. Now, there is Marie, who will not let her husband's best friend visit her because he occasionally swears an easy word, but she will scream with laughte when the actor Stoddard bulges his eyes, makes a mouth like a newly caught cod-fish, and rips out a snorting oath. She will rock with merriment when old John Gilbert, stuck up on his stilts of legs. gets red in the face and makes the upper air about him blue with profanity, almost expect she will go home almost expect she will go home and swear cheerfully herself that sentences they will accept from the same source. remember not long ago a play at Wal lack's had some risky language in it. A matron had sat it out without a blush in company with her children. Next morning at breakfast, Kate, the terror, began to tell an elder sister, who had not at tended the performance, about the piece. The naughty but bright things clung to her memory, and she began repeating them with great gusto.

burst out mother, "how "My senses! dare you say such A COARSE VULGAR THING.

I'm ashamed of you." "I heard it last night," whimpered

Kate. "Never mind if you did-you should know better than to repeat such horrid things." Kate looked bewildered. It was beyond her to understand a rule that admitted hearing such things said in a crowded theatre, and forbade their repetition in the seclusion of her own family

Little Johnny Fresh, aged six, walked into his mother's drawing room before a party of guests, having come down from his evening's bath with his pelt to make some complaint.

"I aint no dreadfuller than him, shouted back Johnny, as he pointed to a big statue of Cupid, "and I got more clothes on. Look at my porous plaster onto my back."

It must be admitted that here and there a man understands the nature of woman. Down at Coney Island photographic tents abound, and the competition is so brisk that each establishment keeps a solicitor outside. There is one exception to this rule. A plausible photo-guapher, as soon as he is through with one job, steps out of his place, waits un-til a group of excursionists come along containing one or more little children and then politely says to the mother: "Beg pardon, madam, but can I borrow your child for a minute or two? I am going to make a fancy picture for a customer, and 1 need just such a pretty girl (or boy) to put into it. I won't detain you long, and it will be a great favor." The proud, fond pabe a great favor." The proud, fond parent consents, of course, and the operator gravely poses and photographs the youngster. He expresses profound thanks, and says never a word about selling copies of the picture-a chear tintype. The mother asks if he will be her buy one, or probably more, as she is tremendously flattered by the choice of her offspring as a model. Thus the chap keeps his business going through dull

hours. The greatest alarm spread over the in habitants of a great flat bouse uptown. Little Johnny Jumpup had found a box of his mother's arsenical lozenges that she took carefully three a day for her complexion, and he had eaten all at one sitting. Servants flew for doctors and doctors flew for the flat. Every known remedy for arsenic poisoning was admin-istered. One physician rattled off in his maker or pills. In hasty accounts he related the case, and begged to know what proportion of arsenic infested a box of his

"take the stomach pump out of little

Johnny. There isn't

matchless wafers."

"There is no arsenic in arsenical lozenges then?"

take something with arsenic in. The name is a great success, and my pills are saving lots of ladies from the damaging effects of arsenical solution and other preparations of that fatal drug."

The report of the doctor at the Al-dobells flats relieved our fond mother's heart, but ever so many ladies are dis-gusted that they have been taking rhu-

for the Prevention of Cruelty are two had been kidnapped in San Francisc the purpose of selling them as wives to resident celestials. The charge was not proven, and for the present at least, the case has been abandoned. The

GIRLS ARE A NOVELTY here. As in other places, the Chinese do not permit their wives or daughters to be seen on the street. There are severings of common laundrymen, but they are excessively small and bear witness to the cramping of the feet customary with the Chinese. Both blouse and trousers are of a pale blue color unadorned with figures, lt is the ordinary costume of the Chinese of the poorer class. The shiny black hair of the girl dressed like an American was brushed straight back from the brow and wound into a great

knot at the back of the head. The other

dressed her hair in the native style. Over each ear was a flat, thin cir-cular disk of hair that looked as if it might have been made of artificial hair

and stuck to the head. All Chinese women learn early how to do this. A gummy pomade is essential to the task, but it takes considerable skill to weave and wind this hair into its thin and circulary position. So little hair is used in these disks that enough is left for a large coll which is fastened at the top and back of the head. Neither of these girls, one ten and the other twelve years old, could ten and the other twish. Speak a word of English. CLARA BELLE.

INGERSOLL ON BEECHER.

The Great Infidel's Eloquent Eulogy on the Prince of Pulpit Orators. From the Beecher Memorial Volume Henry Ward Beecher was born in a Puri-tan penitentiary, of which his father was one of the wardens—a prison with very narrow and closely grated windows. Under its wails were the raviess, hopeless and measureless dungeons of the damned, and on its roof fell the shadow of God's eternal frown. In this prison the creed and catechism were primers for children, and from a pure sense of duty

their loving hearts were stained and scarred with the religion of John Calvin. In those days the home of an orthodox minister was an inquisition in which their babes were tortured for the good of their souls. Children then, as now, rebelled against the infamous absurdities and cruelties of the creed. No Calvinist was ever able, unless with blows, to answer the questions of his child. Children were raised in what was called "the nurture and admonition of the Lord"-that is to say, their wills were broken or sub dued, their natures deformed or dwarfed, their desires defeated or destroyed, an their development arrested or perverted Life was robbed of its spring, its summer and its autumn. Children stepped from the cradle into the snow. No laughter, no sunshine, no joyous, free, unburdene days. God, an infinite detective, watched them from above, and satan, with malicious leer, was waiting for their souls below. Between these monsters life was Infinite consequences were predicted of the smallest action, and a bur den greater than a god could bear was placed upon the brain and heart of every child. To think, to ask questions, to doubt, to investigate, were acts of rebel-lion. To express pity for the lost, writhing in the dungeons below, was simply to give evidence that the enemy of soul had been at work within their hearts,

Among all the religions of this worldfrom the creed of cannibals who devoured flesh to that of Calvinists who polluted souls—there is none, there has been none there will be none more utterly heartless and inhuman than was the orthodox Congregationalism of New England in he year of grace 1813. It despises every natural joy, hated pictures, abhorred statues as lewd and lustful things, execrated music, regarded nature as faller and corrupt, man as totally deprayed and women as something worse. theater was the vestibule of perdition actors the servants of satan, and Shakspeare a trifling wretch, whose words were seeds of death. And yet the virtues found a welcome, cordial and sincere: duty was done as understood; obliga tions were discharged; truth was told self-denial was practiced for the sake of others; and hearts were good and true in

spite of book and creed. In this atmosphere of theological mi-asma, in this hideous dream of superstition, in this penitentiary, moral and austere, this babe first saw the imprisoned

The natural desires ungratified, the laughter suppressed, the logic brow-beaten by authority, the humor frozen by fear-of many generations-were in this child, a child destined to rend and wreck the prison's walls.

Through the grated windows of his cell this child, this boy, this man, caught glimpses of the outer world, of fields and skies. New thoughts were in his brain, new hopes within his heart. Another heaven bent above his life. There came heaven bent above his life. a revelation of the beautiful and real. Theology grew mean and small. woodd and won and saved this Nature

mighty soul. Her countless hands were sowing seeds sounds—all colors, forms, and fragments -were stored within the treasury of his mind. His thoughts were molded by the graceful curves of streams, by winding paths in woods, the charm of quiet coun try roads, and lanes grown indistinct with weeds and grass-by vines that cling and hide with leaf and flower the crumbling wall's decay-by eattle standing in the summer pools like statues of

content. There was within his words the subtle spirit of the season's change-of everything that is, of everything that lies tween the simmbering seeds, that, half-awakened by the April rain, have dreams of heaven's blue and feel the amorous kisses of the sun, and that strange tomb wherein the alchemist doth give to death's cold dust the throb and thrill of

lite again. He saw with loving eyes the willows of the meadow streams grow red beneath the glance of spring—the grass along the marsh's edge—the stir of life beneath the vithered leaves-the moss below the arip of snow-the flowers that give their blos soms to the first south wind that wooesthe sad and timid violets that only bear the gaze of love from eyes half closedthe ferns where fancy gives a thousand forms with but a single plan—the green and sunny slopes enriched with daisy's

silver and the cowslip's gold.

As in the leafless woods some tree flame with life stands like a rapt poe in the heedless crowd, so stood this man among his fellow-men. All there is of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit, of painted insect life, and all

the winged and happy children of the air that summer holds beneath her dome of blue, were known and loved by him. He loved the yellow autumn fields, the golden stacks, the happy homes of men, he orchard's bending bows, the sumach' flags of flame, the maples with trans figured leaves, the tender yellow of the beech, the wonderous harmonies of brown and gold—the vines where hang the clustered spheres of wit and mirth He loved the winter days, the whirl and drift of snow-all forms of frost-the rage and fury of the storm, when in the forest, desolate and striped, and the brave old pine towers green and grand—a prophecy of spring. He heard the rhythmic sound of nature's busy strife, the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the eagle's cry, the murmar of the streams, the sighs and lamentations of the winds, and all the voices of the sea. He loved the shores, the vales, the crags and cliffs, the city's busy streets, the introspective, silent plain, the solemn splendors of the night, the silver sea of dawn, and evening's clouds of molten gold.

The love of nature freed this loving One by one the fetters fell; the gratings disappeared, the sunshine smote the roof, and on the floors of stone light streamed from open doors. He realized the dark ness and despair, the cruelty and hate, the stariess blackness of the old malig-nant creed. The flower of pity grew and blossomed in his heart. The selfish "consolation" filled his eyes with tears. He saw that what is called the Christian's hope is that among the countless billions wrecked and lost a meagre few perhaps may reach the eternal shore—a hope that, like the dessert rain, gives neithe leaf nor bud-a hope that gives no joy no peace to any great and loving soul. It is the dust on which the serpent feeds

that coils in heartless breasts. Day by day the wrath and vengeance faded from the sky-the Jewish God grew vague and dim-the threats of torture and eternal pain grew vulgar and absurd, and all the miracles seemed strangely out of place. They clad the in-

every heart-the thorns in every path the sighs, the sorrows, and the tears that lie between a mother's arms and death's embrace-this great and gifted man de nounced, denied and damned with all his heart the fanged and frightful dogma that souls were made to feed the eternal

hunger-ravenous as a famine-of a

God's revenge.

Take out this fearful, fiendish, heartless lie-compared with which all other -and the great arch of or-

tihodox religion, crumbling, falls, To the average man the Christian hell and heaven are only words. He has no scope of thought. He lives but in a dim, impoverished now. To him the past is dead—the future still unborn. He occupies with downcast eyes that narrow line of barren, shifting sand that lies between the flawing seas. But genius knows all time. For him the dead all live and breathe and act their countless parts again. All human life is in his now, and

every moment feels the thrill of all to be No one can overestimate the good accomplished by this marvelous, many-sided man. He helped to slay the heartdevouring monster of the Christian world. He tried to civilize the church, to harmonize the creeds, to soften pious breasts of stone, take the fear from mother's hearts, the chain of creed from every brain, to put the star of hope in every sky and over every grave,

Attacked on every side, maligned by those who preached the law of love, he wavered not, but fought whole-hearted Obstruction is but virtue's foil. From

thwarted light leaps color's flame-the stream impeded as a song.

He passed from harsh and cruel creeds to that serene philosophy that has no place for pride or hate, that threatens no revenge, that looks on sin as stumblings of the blind and pities those who fall, knowing that in the souls of all there is a sacred yearning for the light. He ceased to think of man as something thrust upon the world-an exile from some other sphere. He felt at last that men are part of nature's self-kindred of all life-the gradual growth of countless years; that all the sacred books were helps until out grown and all religion's rough and devious paths that man has worn with weary feet in sad and painful search for truth and peace. To him these paths were wrong, yet all gave promise of suc-cess. He knew that all the streams, no matter how they wander, turn, and curve amid the hills and rocks or linger in the lakes and pools, must some time reach

These views enlarged his soul and made him patient with the world, and while the wintry snows of age were falling on his head, spring, with all her wealth of bloom, was in his heart. The memory of this ample man is now

part of nature's wealth. He battled for the rights of man. His heart was with the slave. He stood against the selfish greed of millions banded to protect the pirate's trade. His voice was for the right when freedom's friends were few. taught the church to think and doubt. He did not fear to stand alone. His brain took counsel of his heart. To every for he offered reconciliation's hand. He loved this land of ours, and added to its giory through the world. He was the greatest orator that stood within the pulit's narrow curve. He loved the liberty of speech. There was no trace of bigot in his blood. He was a brave and generous man, and so, with reverent hands I place this tribute on his tomb. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A THIRSTY PARADISE.

A Tropical Eden in the Middle of the Colorado Desert.

From the Argonaut: In the middle of the Colorado desert there is a curious depression in the earth's surface, through which the Southern Pacific railroad runs. The lowest point is 260 feet below the sea level, and here is a great body of salt more pure than any known to commerce and in all abundance that may supply the world if all other resources be exhausted. From a point on the road called Indio the descent's rapid to this place of salt. It was onee an inland sea. from phich the waters have apparently salt deposit that resemblesize. Standing upon its margin, we look upon a perfectly level and white crast of salt, some thirty or fortp miles in length by perhaps twenty in width. A tramway s laid over the crust to a distance of more than a mile, over which a steam dummy and train of freight cars run to the mill where the salt is ground. Bet yond the mill a smaller engine pushes its smaller cars further out upon the sall crust where the salt is gathered. ers, provided each with a wheelbarrow, shovel and adze, go out upon the salt field, pick the surface to the depth of an inch or two, gather barrow loads, and wheel them to the cars. The salt crust varies in thickness; in some places it is but a few inches above the mud water, and in some places nearly five feet in thickness. Liverpool salt must be kiin dried before being ground. sends this to the mill so dry that it may be ground as fine as flour. At the mill it is bagged and marked for shipment, and is ready for table or dairy use. salt is 99 per cent pure, and is placed upon the market as "New Liverpool." is undoubtedly the best and purest sait in the market.
"It is on the rising slope from this salt

mine, some twenty miles away and in the very heart of the great Colorado desert, that the Southern Pacific people have struck artesian water. At a depth of 450 feet a flow of 1,800 gallons an hour has been brought to the surface. The bore is being pushed downward for further demonstration. This discovery of artesian water has caused the location of about two townships of land, which is of good soil, being covered with a growth of mesquite shrubbery and weeds. At the station, "Indio," where the company had found water for train use by pumping, there is a growth of pepper, locust, cottonwood and palm trees, all doing well and attaining great growth. Grapes, watermelons, tomatoes, roses, geraniums and morning-glories are there seen in flourishing condition. Grapes and watermelons will ripen this month of June.

The gentlemen who have located this tropical Eden will experiment in the direction of tropical productions. Already they talk of cotton, coffee and tobacco. That it will produce benner oranges than San Bernardino or Riverside they do not doube. San Francisco is to receive from this paradise its early watermeions, its berries and sweet potatoes. Only a few miles from the line of the road is a grove of 1,000 date palms, reaching a great height, and bearing the real but very small and inferior date. The foot hills are skirted all along with these palm trees. In these mountains, it is said are productive valleys well supplied with water, but it sinks when it reaches the level of the plain. This is a marvelous and wonderful land, and nothing caused the writer greater surprise than the soil and water discoveries constantly being made in these desert places. Places that are very inaccessible, that are embedded in mountain canons and away from civilization, are becoming the luxurious homes of industrious and enterprising people who have the nerve to go some-what beyond the confines and boundaries of present "genteel" life. What a God's blessing it would be to the members of Henry George's Anti-Poverty party if some kind powerful gente would alothe some kind, powerful genie would clothe them all, and then lift them up out of the city slums, tenement-houses, politics, gin, idleness and crime, into these mountain and desert homes where poverty is only known and destitution only felt by those who are unable or unwilling to toil.

Through the efforts of Miss Emma Harriman the California legislature has passed a bill providing for scientiae temperance inlife, knowing the shadows that fall on struction in the public schools

COMSTOCK'S PROUD DEATH

The First Legal Execution in Sweetwater County.

POETRY ON THE SCAFFOLD.

How the Death of Jacob Van Vliet Was Avenged-A Pompous Execution in Which the Condemned Took Pride.

Kansas City Times: The recent hanging of Sneed recalls an execution in Wyoming territory, away back in the early days. The execution was a novel one, and was long regarded as the most surprisingly unique affair which had ever claimed the attention of the then rough people of the border-simply because it was a legal one. The lynching of a man would have been regarded as a very ordinary affair and would have attracted no more attention than a spirited dog fight or a suicide, but the idea of a man committing a murder, being arrested, indicted, tried, convicted and hanged in a purely legal manner was a strange one to the inhabitants of that frontier town. On this occasion the victim was Ed Comstock, known in clite circles as "Big Foot Ed," and the circumstances attend-ing the crime for which he was so oddly roped into eternity were, as near as I can

recall them, about as follows:

John Van Vliet had long been working a placer claim near Hahn's peak, and taken out what he believed to be sufficient dust to pass over the remainder of the journey of life very comfortably. He resolved to go back to "the states," and with this end in view sold the claim, loaded his dust and personal property on a pack horse and set out across the moun-

tains for the nearest stage station.
"Big Foot Ed" had assisted the miner in all his preparations for the journey, and his covetous eyes had rested upon the treasure, which was stowed away in buckskin bags. He resolved to secure the dust, and after Van Viiet had taken the tortuous trail over the range the burly desperado went by a shorter cut and planted himself behind a large rock by which the miner must pass. When the latter reached the spot he heard the command, "Throw up your hands," saw a brace of heavy revolvers looking in his face with a cold, grim, determined stare. Van Vliet was a brave man, and iustead of stabbing the atmosphere over-head with trembling hands, as many would have done, he made a grab for his own pistol, but ere he could draw it from its scabbard there was a flash, a loud re-port and he fell dead on the trail. The nurderer hid the body of his victim in the rocks, took a bag of the dust for present use, cached the remainder, turned the horse loose and returned to camp.

That same afternoon he was a prisoner in the hands of the vigilance committee A young man who was hunting in the nountains witnessed the murder from a place of concealment above the trail came in and reported it, and Ed's arrest speedily followed.

Judge Lynch was soon in his terrible

seat, and the culprit was arraigned for trial at what the roughs used to denominate "a law game in which all the percentage was in favor of the bank." When the selection of a jury was about to begin Hanna, a grizzly old-timer, Tom

"Most honorable jedge and fellow citi zens: It isn't me as 'd buck agm the wishes o' the people. It isn't me as 'd have the onreconstructed cheek to even hint at anything that 'd turn the tide o impromptu law from its course through the channels o' this honorable court, but I have an idee. Mark you, yer honor, I have an idee. I have the interests o' this town at heart, fur I have property 'yar, an' w'at hurts the town 'll hurt Tom Hanna and the fellow christians as hold interests 'var likewise

"We all know that Pine City has bin a buckin' agin our prosperity for months, and every time she makes a point, she crows till the clarion tones penetrate the thickets way beyond the Missoury river Now, they hung a man over there last week-hung him 'cordin' to the law an' the profits arter a reg'lar trial in the legal court, an' since then, yer honor an' feller citizens, the Pine gang has been putting on more agony than a peacock with his tail unfuried. They talk to us about their progress, civilizin' advancement, the Christian sperrit o' their acts, transmogrification from border ignorance an' brutal instincts to refinement an' back seat culture, an' yer honor, they laugh at us, an' say we are so fur behind in the race that we can't even see the dust arisin' from their various hoofs. honor, that we can't afford to let Pin

"Now, I jest want ter suggest, yer City occupy the entire area on top o' the dunghill o' pride an' progress an' do all the crowin', an' I don't believe it'd reflect a mite upon our personal characters fur rectitude an' uprighteousness to shu Ed up till next month's term o' court an then try him an' hang him with appro-priate ceremonies, an' amid all the pomp in' panoply o' legal justice." The idea was a new one, and Ed was

by a unanimous vote, held to await the action of the grand jury. This action met with the unqualified approval of the people at large. John Stimson, the store keeper, who boasted of having a sor teaching school in Iowa, remarking that "legal legality was far more open to ap-provableness in this day an' gineration than illegal illegality could ever be," and, too, he thought the sport o' witness-in' the executional obsequies 'd interest the United States hon'able jedge an'sorter weld his affections to the town, I shall not enter into the details of the trial. Ed was convicted and sentenced

with all due solemnity to be hanged by the neck until dead, the sentence winding up with the usual prayer, and I may add the only prayer a western judge ever per mitted to gain egress from his lips. "Is everything arranged in proper shape, Tom?" asked Ed of the sheriff on

the morning of the day set for the execu-'Nothin' has bin left undone, Ed, an the thing's a-goin' to be a grand success. The posts o'the scaffold 's bin feschooned

with flowers by the girls, an' they've tied red, white an' blue ribbons on the rope above the noose. An' they're goin' ter sing a song, too-they're a practisin' or it now—a song that begins: "Adoo, adoo, vain world adoo, Avanut, an' quit my sight, For soon I'll cross the rubicund

To realms of quenchless light.
Adoo ol' pardners of the camp,
Whom I mus' leave behind;
I feel I'm not recretful, fur
The mill o' the gods mus grind." "It war' writ by John Stimson, the store-keeper, an' he says it is the one crownin' triumphant effort of his declin in' years. I tell you Ed, you'd orter be a proud man to get sich" a gorgeous send-

"I am, an' I am goin' to do my level best to make myself worthy o' the occa-sion an' make it pleasin' an' interestin' fur the boys. But say, wouldn't it make Pine creek look sick if we could ring in a gospel man to taper the thing off in style, by flirtin' his jaw on a suitful prayer, an' sort o' consolin' of me, you know, durin' the progress o' the entertainment. They allers do it in the

"We thought o' that, Ed, but thar isn't a sky pilot on the range, an' we can't git nobody to play preacher. We begged Ike Long to do it, fur he looks like a par-son, you know, but he kicked back ards with both feet an' said that was axin' too much. He said he was willin' to do anything in reason to add to the joy o' the | unto you that thar's more joy in licayen

you know that.

"Course he was. I wouldn't do it my self. Wal, we'll make it go off pleasant, anyhow. I'll give the boys a speech that'll please 'em, an that, with the girls' singin' an' the drap an' the subse funeral'll do fust rate fur the first at-

The scaffold was erected on a flat on the banks of the creek. It was, as the sheriff told the condemned, tastefully decorated with wild flowers, pine boughs and ribbons and presented a very hand some and attractive appearance. In the center of the cross beam, from which the rope dangied, was a wreath of cedars en circling the sentiment:

Farewell, farewell, our bruther dere, Thi loss will leave us lonely heer.

The floor of the scaffold was strewn with freshly cut grass, and two framed chromos, borrowed from the clipper saloon hung on the upright posts. Nothing that would enhance the beauty scene or contribute to the pleasure of the condemned seemed to have been over looked.

It was a gala day in the little mout tain town. At an early hour the inhabitants were astir, and the coming enter tainment was the one theme of conver sation. The men put on their best clothes, and the "girls," the inevitable adjunct to every mining camp, arrayed their frail forms in all their finery in bonor of the great occasion. "Big Foot honor of the great occasion. Ed" was the hero of the day, and wishes that his journey along the mystic trail which connected this world and the mysterious realms beyond were drunk in many bumbers of tierry liquor.

An hour before the time set for the exercises to begin the people began to flock to the spot where the gaily decorated gallows stood, its gaudy trappings suggesting anything but death, and it was soon the center of a motely crowd of miners, gamblers, hunters, frail women and a slight sprinkling of Indians.

The announcement soon spread among the crowd that the procession was approaching. Ed walked beside the sherif with a proud step, and smiled cordially upon the multitude when he had as-cended the scaffold. He was provided with a seat and Sheriff Sam addressed

the people as follows:
"Fellow citizens: This is an orspicious occasion, an' I'm proud to be able to officiate here in my officious character of shcriff of this 'ere county. The success of the happy event is a dead sure thing, an' its goin' to go off in a very pleasurable manner. I now have the felicity to announce that John Stimson, dealer in gineral merchandise, miners' supplies, guns, ammunition, whisky etc., as he has requested me to announce, will recite an original poem originated expressly for the occasion."

Mr. Stimson came to the front, and bowed imperiously. "The good sheriff neglected to add 'cheap for cash,'" he said, "but that makes no particular difference, as the most on you know my un-flinehable terms." He then, in a really linchable terms." dramatic manner, recited the following: WHAT IS DEATH?

Pray, what is death? 'Tis but a trip, Beyond this vale of tears— Tis but a supplied of the grip, A bursting of the gears. An' then we sleep to wake agin Beyond the cares of earth. To play the heavenly cherubim

For all the thing is worth.

This life is but a fitful dream, As gifted pen has writ, An' when across the when across the mystic stream Our tired spirits filt,
Ourselves we'll soon habituate
An' never shed a tear
Fur brandy smash an' whisky straight,
That soothes those spirits here.

We're all assembled here to-day To witness Edward's doom, To see him make his final play An' amble up the flome.
An' as he sits here quietly
His face if all alight
With joy an' pride, to think that he
Can give us sick delight.

Farewell, dear Ed, thou gay galoot, We'll miss thee from our midst— But then thou shouldst not execute The thoughtless deed thou didst. Thou soon wilst dangle from a rope, An' each intense spectator, Will see thee dangle, with the hope That he will see thee later.

Like eager traveler dost thou wait. To leave by the neck's strain [Applause]
To land up by the golden gate
An' ne'er return again.
This last advice from world of strite I give with earnest breath; ou never were known to "kick" in life, Pray do not kied in death.

There was loud applause and the girls grouped themselves on the scaffold and sang the song referred to, responding to a vigorous encore with "O, Dem Golden Slippers," during the rendition of which the condemned man frequently cast his eyes downward to his robust feet as if vondering if he could secure a fit. The last notes of the song were swamped be-ueath another torrent of applause, not the girls descended from the scaffold The sheriff once more came to the front

"The thing's a goin' off splendidly," he said. "It surpasses my most sanguin-ary expectations. Feller citizens, this is a proud day for all of us, an' no one can fell more impetuous pride than I do. I now have the felicitous honor of intro-ducing to you Mr. Ed Comstock, the rentleman as will soon take the trail for kingdom come. As you all see, he has conducted himself with the most proper rectitude in all the perceedins', an' I am proud it has fallen to me to hangsuch a perfect gentle man.

Ed advanced to the front and when loud applause subsided began his carefully prepared speech: "Ladies and gentlemen: Words are too weak affairs in which to express the swayın', surgin', feelin's which are now pitchin' about in my soul. This grand demonstrativeness, gotten up in my honor. 1s worthy of a king. You are here to see me off on my journey, an' assure you that I will not forget your

kind efforts to make the partin' pleasant "I have a wife an' two kids back it the states, an' O, what pride will swell the bosoms o' them boys while tellin' others that their ol' man war the fust one to be lawfully hung in Sweetwater

county.
"Regardin' the crime for which I stand here I will simply say that the cards run agin me. If that young fellow as saw it hadn't a been thar at that particular moment all would have been well, an would have been a livin' among you to-day an honored an' respectable citi zen. But I ain't a kickin.' This grand demonstration tills me full o' high grade reconciliation, an' I'll go down through this trap like a jo-dandy. [Applause.] I expect to meet Bill Van Anda, Tom Wilkes, Lengthy Frank, Poker Aleck, an' all the boys that's passed in their checks, an' we'n I tell 'em o' this grand blowout they'll be sorry they died afore

"I shall not detain you long for I know you are anxious to see the grand climax. I bid you one an' all goodbye, an' if you ever cum up my way be sure an' hunt me up. Mr. Sheriff, it's your play.'

His hands and teet were quickly bound and the rope placed about his neck. By his own request no black cap was drawn over his face. The sheriff stood with his hand on the lever and the

spectators held their breath awaiting the final act.
"Once more goodbye," the doomed man shouted. "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes unto ashes. He that sheddeth man's blood by man shall be be likewise shedded. An eye fur an eye, an' a tooth fur a tooth, fur verily I say

over a lost sheep than over a hull herd that never left the corral. Mr. Sheriff, will you kindly let 'er go?'

The sheriff accommodatingly did as requested, and Ed shot through the trap. He seemed to throw his whole soul into that one last effort, and went down with a determined vigor that elicited words of praise from everyone in the crowd. He hung there with a sort of stiff pride and dignity as if conscious that he had done his whole duty in his effort to please his

tion in Sweetwater county.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

Jacob Sharp sharing his confinement.

"God gave me my dear husband," she says to all who try to comfort her, "and

fied and charming for one who must be nearly seventy years old. When a woman

"Goodness," shricked one, "take away that child. What a dreadful sight."

wafers. "Be under no alarm," said the doctor

A PARTICLE OF ARSENIC in a barrel of 'em. They contain some-thing that promotes digestion and stirs the torpid liver. Johnny's liver may be abnormally active for a few days, and he can eat a paper of tacks with as much confidence as if he were an ostrich, but no further effects will be felt from my

Not a grain; but women do hanker to

barb and looking daily in their anxious faces for the work of arsenic.

Among the children who have been brought to the attention of the Society Chinese girls. It was claimed that they two years ago, and were held here for

eral Chinese women in this city, and when it happened that they have been brought into court, or into the presence of people with a missionary spirit, they have said that they had not been out of the house before for months, sometime for more than a year, and in one well authenticated case tt was a little over two years since a female resident of Mott street had set her foot outside her tenement. It was not quite so bad in the cases of the girls, but for weeks at a time it has been the habit of their guardians to keep them shut up at home. The "home" is near the head of Mott street, in a four-story building devoted partly to trade and manufacture. Cigars are made on the first floor and there is a store there also. Up stairs is another commercial establishmens, and in the top stories are tenements. The rooms are, of course, small and illitted for habitation. In that respect the heathen girls are as well off as thousands of their girls are as well off as thousands of their christian fellow beings of the east side One of them is dressed in the American fashion, and but for the old waddie that passes for her gait would not be taken for a Chinese at a distance. The other wears a native costume. It consists first in a blouse that hangs from the neck to the knees, not belted or caught in any way at the waist. Loose trousers are over the legs and bound at the bottom closely around the ankles. The shoes are thick soled, wooden affairs familiar as the foot cov-

> finite in motley garb and gave to aure-oled heads the cap and bells. Touched by the pathos of all human

festivities, but he had a character at stake, an' a family back in the states, an' he didn't perpose to perpose to sully one and pain the other by makin' sich a wild An' he was right, too, Ed,

And thus ended the first legal execus

MRS. SHARP'S SORROW.

She Tells of Her Long, Happy Life

With the Convicted Man. From the New York World: Only twice during recent years has favor been shown to prisoners in Ludlow street jail to the extent of allowing a man's wife to share his imprisonment. Both of these exceptions were in notable cases. The first was when gay, handsome, fash-ionable Mrs. Ferdinand Ward remained with her husband to nurse him through the illness which overtook him there. The second case is that at present before our eyes—the frail, loving old wife of

To one upon whom such a burden has never come, the presence of Mrs. Sharp in the county jail with her husband seems only a most natural and easy thing, but it is proving to her a burden almost greater than she can bear. Mrs. Snarp remains beside her husband every night—and all night—sitting by his bed side, eagerly anticipating his every wish

he has given us great happiness together. I trust Him." Mrs. Sharp is a delicate woman, digni-

and a stranger sent in a card on Wednesday morning, word came back at oncer "Mrs. Sharp does not remember the name but she will be glad to receive you." And when the visitor entered the the court yard in the center of the jail. Mrs. Sharp stood with hands outstretched to a woman she never saw before.
"What can I do for you, my child?"

There was no smile on the delicate, pale

face, and the face was weak and almost broken, but the look as well as the tone was that of a gentle woman, whose first thought, even in her trouble, was that she could "be of use" to some one clse. The unconventional speech made the conversation that would so easily have been strained, natural and free. Sharp very soon spoke Mrst Sharp very soon her "dear husband," soon spoke always and," as she always him, in the tend-most unaffected way. calls tenderest she same time spoke the same time she spoke feelingly of the burden that they have been carrying together and which has seemed so unnecessarily severe. "They are killing us both," she said passionately, "we are old people now and every stroke tells on us." Mrs. Sharp speaks of herself in this way, as if she were near the end of the days she might expect to be granted her, but no one seeing her for the first time would think of her as being Indeed, a man who has seen her a number of times about the jail, of her as being about forty-eight or fifty years of age. Her hair is quite gray now and is worn in soft waves about her face. Her eyes are gray and clear, real wom-anly eyes. Her nose is straight and fine, and the whole type of her face is, as near as it may be expressed, that which is always recognized as belonging to "a New England lady." Not the strong, determ-

and care. In height, and in fig-is about five feet two or three, and in figure neither generous nor slight. In short, taken all in all, the wife of this man, whose name is on every tongue, is just the woman whom his disgrace most cruelly hurts, but whose fove will out last it all. Dignified, sympathetic loving and a christain woman, it is small wonder that the bond between them-should be so close. How close this bond has been Mrs. Sharp's own words tell'

ined New England woman's face, but the

quiet, refined, somewhat pensive counte-nance that follows years of repression and care. In height, Mrs. Sharp

has been Mrs. Sharp's own words tell best. Speaking of their happy life together, she said:
"We have been so happy, my dear husband and I. He has been everything to me that a woman could ask or desire. My every wish, my slightest fancy, it has always been his pleasure to fulfill. Oh, we had been looking forward so to next we had been looking forward so to next year. Fifty years we should have been married the 23d of next March."
"Should have been, Mrs. Sharp?"
"Yes, yes, rhould have been. It is kill-ing my dear husband before my eyes,

this terrible trouble, and I known that if anything should happen to him I should go soon, too. We have been happy too ong for one to be content without the other now.

"But surely, you do not feel so seriously alarmed about Mr. Sharp's condition. He is not worse?"

"Not, worse, perhaps, in one way, but he is so weak. No one but myself and his physicians knows how weak. He has been so brave about it, so almost fool-ishly brave. It has seemed sometimes to me as if he did not realize what it meant; he has been so strict about allowing anything done that could possibly be construed into a desire for effect. He has not allowed me to go to the court for fear partly of the effect it would have on me and partly for fear it would seem like trying to create sympathy. He has sat bolt upright in his seat for hours when he was positively unfit to be out of his bed, and he has been as cheery and and as helpful to me as he could be. Not even to me has he complained of the un-necessary things that have been done to make the disgrace more deep and in-

Even while she talked, Mrs. Sharp kept glancing anxiously at the room wherein her husband was trying vainly o get a little rest. As she finished speak-ng the trim young woman who had been laying the table, motioned to her, but Mrs. Sharp waved her away. It seemed as if it were a relief to her to speak and speak freely.
"Oh, if they only knew him as I know

nim," she continued, "I have been his wife for nearly lifty years, and I have been his confidential friend as well, but I have never known him to even think of doing anything that was not honorable. Even in the most trivial things he has believed that what he has said he would do, and that he would not say he would do anything that was not right. He has been honor itself. He has practiced always what he preached, and he has tried to bring up his children to be-

has tried to bring up his children to believe and act as he does."
"Before I go, Mrs. Sharp," said the
visitor warmly, "is there anything that I
or any one else could do for you?"
"Nothing—nothing. I thank you for
coming. It has been a comfort to me.
They have been very considerate and
kind to us here, but it is a horrible sub
stitute for our home. No; there are only
two helps for my dear husband and my.

two helps for my dear husband and myself now. One is the lifting of this terrible black cloud, and the other is death for us both."

Found His Level.

Puck: "I am poor," he said to a Chi-eago girl; "and you are rich; but true love levels such distinctions, and—" She interrupted him with one of the most positive negatives, if such an expression can be allowed, ever uttered in the windy city.
"This, then, is my last resort," he said

desperately; and he displayed a silver-monated revolver. "You ought to get \$5 or \$6 on it," re

plied the girl encouragingly.